POETRY.

From the Quincy Whig. THE HOOSHIER'S NEST. Thougood citizens of our sister State, India ns, are praity generally known throughout the West by the singular appellative of Houshier. The following ryhmes, from a young Houshersoon, conveys a very graphical picture of Hooshier life, on the frontiers of Indiana. The picture will answer also for the wilder parts of 11-

Suppose, in riding though the West,
A stranger found a 'Hooshier's nest,'
In other words, a Buckaye cabin,
Just big enough to hold Queen Mab in ;
Its situation low, but airy,
Was en the borders of a prairie;
And fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house and then alighted,
The Hooshier met him at the door,
Their salutations soon were o'es;
He took the strangers, hopes aside,
And to a sturdy supling tied:
Then having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar trough.
The stranger stooped to enter in, The stranger stooped to enter in.
The stranger stooped to enter in.
The entrance closing with a pin,
And manifested strong desire,
To seat himself by the log fire,
Where half a dozen Hoosheroons,
With mush and milk, tin-cups and spoor
White heads, pare feet and dirty faces,
Seemed much inclined to keep their place
But Madam anxious to display But bladem anxious to display, Her rough and undisputed sway, Her offspring to the ladder led.
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.
Invited shortly to partake,
Of venison, milk and jouny-cake,
The stranger made a hearty meal, And glances round the room would steal One side was lined with divers garments The other spread with skins of varmint Dried pumpkins over head were hung, Where venison hams in plenty hung; Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay streched upon the floor; In short, the domicit was rife, With specimens of Hooshier life. The host, who centred his affections. On game, and range, and quarter sections Discoursed his weary guest for hours, Till Somnus ever potend powers, Of sublunary cares bereft em.

No matter how the story ended-The application I intended Is from the famous Scottish poet, Who seemed to feel as well as know it. That burly chiels and cliver bizzies, Are bred in sic a way as this is,"

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE .- A down east po per thus pathetically describes the fainting of lady :

'Down fell the lovely maiden. Just like a slaughtered lamb: Her hair hung round her palid cheeks, Like sea-weed round a clam.

A LOST SISTER.

REMARKABLE HISTORY .- A corres pondent of the North American, (of Philadelphia! has furnished a series of your nail gone?' said the oldest sister. sketches from the classic valley of Wyoming, including an interesting account I was a little child in the shop!' In a of the Indian Massacre during the Rev- word, they were satisfied that this was olution. We are indebted to him for Frances, their long lost sister! They the following remarkable and romantic, thought voracious narrative. The facts are corrorborated by another who, in the article which is annexed briefly traces the finger of Providence in this his

tory .- Troy Whig. At a little distance from the present Court-house at Wilkesbarre, lived a family by the name of Slocum, upon whom the visitations of the Indian's cruelues were awfully severe. The men were one day away in the fields, and in an metant the house was surrounded by Indians. There was in it. the mother, a daughter abount nine yearof age, a son aged thirteen, another daughter aged five, and a little boy aged two and a half. A young man and a boy by the name of Kingsley were present grinding a knife The firs thing the Indians did was to shoot down the young man, and scalp him with the knife which he had in his hand. The n ne year old sister took the little boy two years and a half old, and ran out of the back door to get to the fort. The Indiane chased her just enough to see her fright, and having a hearty laugh as she ran and clung to and lifted her chub by little brother. They then took the Kingsley boy and young Slocum, aged thirteen, and little Frances aged five. and prepared to depart. But finding young Sloonm lame, at the earnest entreaties of the mother, they set him down and left him. Their captives were then young Kingsley and the little girl. The mother's heart swelled unutterably, and for years she could not describe the ped out, bridled her horse, and then scene without tears. She saw an In- a la Turk, mounted astride and was

was the last seen of little Frances. As the boys grew up and became men, they were very anxious to know She had always lived with the Indians the fate of their little fair-headed sister. They wrote letters, they sent is quirers, and into Canada, if peradventure they fate. Three or four long journeys were thene, though sprung from a pious race. made in vain. A silence deep as the deepest forest through which they wan-

tears fell from her distended eye, and

stretching out her other hand towards

her mother, she called for her aid. The

Indian turned into the bushes, and this

dered, hung over her fate, and that six- 'Civis' in the North American of this maid. morning, remarks that by some unac-

the Indian language. The family are this communication some months since Chronicle of the 2d met. in abundance. In the course of the The letter was addressed to the post evening, he notices that the hair of the master in Lancaster, the trader not dress is also white. This led to a con- which to direct it; it was regarded as a versation. She told him she was a hoax, or at least having so little inter-

when a very small girl. little house on the banks of the Susque- she determined to send it to the editor man buching interest, and melts the the book of his, that when mountains hanna, and how many there were in of the Lemenster papers; in which it heart into tenderness. Death is awful fade away, and every memento of earth gument, possessing no will of his own to inher father's family, and the order of was inserted simultaneously with an their ages! But the name of the town address on temperance, which it was she could not remember. On reaching thought desirable to disseminate as his home, the agent mentioned the sto- widely as possible. Extra copies were ry to his mother.-She urged him to accordingly stricken off, and one of write and print the account. According- these sent to a clergyman, whose broth ly be wrote it and sent it to Lancaster er was a resident of the Wyoming Val- It was, indeed, a "shining mark." The in this State, requesting that it might be ley, and who had heard of the circum- approach of death to his victim was published. By some, to me, unaccoun- starces that a family in that valley had marked with little of alarm. No pesyears before it was printed. But last whose recovery they had always man- him. He came with stealthy and ruinsummer it was published. In a few ifested great anxiety. He accordingly ing aspect. The cup of promised pleas cum of Wilkesbarre, who was the little ers, and the letter was thus carried to tim did not apprehend his true character. two and a half year old boy, when Fran- its proper destination. The mother Young, ardent, ambitious, he seemed ces was taken. In a few days he was had exacted from them a promise that rather to unite than dread his opponent. off to seek his sister, taking with him they should never intermit their exer- The thought was not indulged for a mo was born after the captivity, to meet

The two brothers and sisters are now

him and go with him.

ces, just sixty years after her captivity. chain. After travelling more than three hundred miles through the wilderness, they reached the Indian country, the home of the Miami Indian. Nine miles from the nearest white, they find the little wigwam. 'I shall know my sister, 'because she lost the nail of her first finger. You, brother, hammered it off in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old.' They go into the cabin and find an Indian woman having the appearauce of seventy-five. She is painted and jewelled off, and dressed like an Indian in all respects. Nothing but her hair and covered ekin would indicate her origin. They got an interpreter and begin to converse. She tells them were she was born, her name with order of her father's family. - How come 'My older brother pounded it off when She could not remember. Was it Frances? She smiled and said 'ves.' li was the first time she had heard it pronounced for 60 years! Here, then they were met-two brothers and two sisters! They were all satisfied that they were brothers and sisters. But what contrast! The brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak; the oldest sister was weeping but the poor Indian sister sat motionless and passionless, and indifferent as a spectator. There vas no throbbing, no fine chords in her

posem to be touched. When Mr Stocum was giving me his history: I said to him-"but could he not speak English?' 'Not a word.' Did she know her age?' 'No .- Had to idea of it. But was she entirely gnorand "Sir she did not know when Sunday c mes.' This was indeed the consummation of ignorance in a desendint of the Puritans.

Her whole history might be told in a word. She lived with the Delevares sing thing in its true light-but mer who carried her off, till grown up, and hen married a Deleware. He either perty is going to roin, just on account died or ran away, and then married a Miuni Indian, a ch ef as I believe. She has two daughters; both of whom are narried and who live in all the glory of an Indian cabin, deer-skin clothes and cowskin head-oress. No one of the family can speak a word of English They have horses in abundance; and when the Indian sister wanted to accompany her new relatives she whipdian throw her child over his shoulders, off. At night she could throw a blanand as her hair fell over her face, with ket around her, down upon the floor, and one hand brushed it acide, while the at once be asleep.

The bre hers and sisters tried to persuade if f lost sister to return, the barn, and with 'eyes like bullets,' Henceforth it shall be my busines to and if she sesired it, bring her children, inquires 'wat made such a debble ob a prepare for this selemn event, and when They would transplant her again to the fuse!" banks of the Susquehanna; and of their wealth make her home happy. But no. Tommy, replied the maid. -they had always been kind to ber. and she had promised her late husband they made journeys through all the west on his death bed that she would never too, massa, eh!' leave the Indians. And there they might learn any thing respecting her left her and hers, wild and darkend hea ury replied the office seeker.

Mr. Editor: -- Your correspondent

My reader will now pass over 58 years countable blunder the letter (written by room the time of this coptivity, and suppose named far in the wilderness in the furtherest part of locions. A very resose time of this capitally, and suppose time of the untolled for two years. It was the further est part of locians. A very rescontable agent of the United States and it to reach the object it was designed in a time of the united States and power of its charms. She though the value of civil and religious liberty is we presume, the grand jusy of Tompshira veiling there, and weary and belated, with a tired horse, he stops at an lodien cumstances as detailed by your corresting the first of the suppose the first of the suppose the suppose the state of the policial constitution can be, so that we detailed Mingo —

Then they all set up a crying Of

For all these manufold transgressime, the grand jusy of Tompshira veiling there, and weary and belated, we presume, the grand jusy of Tompshira veiling there, and weary and belated, we presume, the grand jusy of Tompshira veiling there, and weary and belated, we presume, the grand jusy of Tompshira veiling there, and weary and belated, we presume, the grand jusy of Tompshira veiling there, and weary and belated, we presume, the grand jusy of Tompshira veiling there, and weary and belated, and therefore it seems to ment against the Sub-Treasury. The bound seems to ment against the Sub-Treasury. The whole the policial constitution can be, so that though the value of civil and religious liberty is unconstant to the policial constitution can be, so that though the value of civil and religious liberty is unconstant. The spell which becomes unearthly in her desires we presume, the policial constitution can be, so that though the value of civil and religious liberty is unconstant. The spell which becomes unearthly in her desires and power of its charms. She though the value of civil and religious liberty is unconstant. The spell which becomes unearthly in her desires and power of its charms. The spell which the sub-charms are constituted in the call of the call of the call o wigwam for the night. He can speak pondent, was narrated to ins writer at rich for Indians, have horses and skins by a near relative of one of the parties. woman is light, and her skin under her knowing of any more likely spot to white child, but had been carried away est that it was carelessly thrown aside. After the lapse of two years, it was She could only remember that her thoughtlessly picked up by the wife of name was Slocum, that she lived in a the post master, and after reading it table blunder it lay in the office two lost a sister during the Indian wars, for tilential atmosphere breathed around enclosed the paper to one of the broth- ure was in his hand. The doomed victions to recover their sister, but all their ment, that his proud career was soon him to escape,) and writing to a broth- efforts had been vain. The ultimate to terminate. Fame had gone before er who lives in Ohio, and who I believe results which will flow from the transaction, none can tell-but surely, it is impossible to resist the the conviction that some superintending Ruler has (1828) on their way too seek little Fran- drawn together the links of such a

Phila, Aug. 29, 1839.

From the Hartford Times.

A "CRYING SPELL" Soon after the resul of the Western lections was known in this city, a young lad, the son of a celebrated whig" office seeker, after listening at he corner of the street to a long tirade of abuse against the Administration, from his father and another federal-whig went home, and sitting himself on the floor, set up a most dolorous crying. Waat is the matter my dear little Toms ny,' said his mover. The lad made no reply, but continued crying louder than before. 'Why, bless my soul! said the anxious mother, tak ng Tomny on her knee, something serious alle his child! Tommy, tell your mother his minu'e where it aches the hardest." 'It don't ache none, replied Tommy.

'What does all you, then! Daddy says the Sub ing, and we shant't have any thing to eat-then I shan't have no more bread and lasees-boo, hoo, hoo!

'O lordy, lordy!' it's the Sub Treasry what alis my child!? Them loce ocorvs will kill us all, and distress he rest to death, that's sartin. Boo, hoo, hoo!' [The old lady sets in cry-

At this juncture of stries the office seeker enters, and inquires the cause of heir grief.

'Why, my dear husband,' said the old lady, Tommy is fearful the Sul Pressury will starve us all to death, poor little fellow.'- [Tummy and his mother set up a most iamentable wail-

'Here,' said the office seeker 'may be seen the practical efforts of that odi ous measure! When will men see the horrible thing in its proper bearing Pve pent most of my time the past two years in trying to show up this distreswont mind any thing I say; and my pro of this thing. I'm heartly discouraaged!' (Commences crying in company with his wife and child.)

The kitchen maid now enters, and trembling inquires what has happened. ·O? do see poor little Tommy,' said the old lady, it's the Sub Treasury what ails him-see how he tumbles about the floor-boo, hoo, hoo!"

'Its bit him!' said the maid, 'and he's either got the hydrofogia or the dismonitory symptoms, true as the world. Poor Tommy!' (Maid chimes in with the others, and cries most bitterly.)

grouns and sobs, comes running from this vale of tears.

It's the Sub Treasury what's bit little the gate to endless joy

'Dat's de same cretur wat trod off my heel todder night in de dark, an skare die chil mos to def! Wat ail you

'O Mingo, it's the cursed Sub Treas 'Yes! the Sub Treasury!' cried the

old lady. 'It's the Sub Treasury,' sobbered the siaculated Mingo -

fact is duly announced in the Ithaca'

From the Pearl STRAY LEAVES. No 4. DEATH.

What sad and solemn thoughts are associated with one word—Death! charm over many; princes and conquelife beauty may throw its indigens.

Charm over many; princes and conqueeat thrusts at divers of the following and ultraisms of the day. Among them is the following: our pride, our folly and our ambition, and poetry may embalm her memory. I like to see a member of the Legislaturo take in song, yet piety must be written in his seat with both hands ried, his mouth muzpride, our folly and our ambition. in whatever shape it may come.

The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier, And all we know, or dream or fear Of agony, are thine."

It has often been my lot to mark its him, and lifted up its trumpet voice, in preparing his way. The path of world-ly glory seemed to be unobstructed, and he purposed in his own heart, that with sweeping, bounding pinions he would attain Earth's proudest eminence. A thousand voices cheered him on his way and inspired him with renewed confidence of success. I marked him then, while his eye beamed with unearth ly brightness, and his young blood, bounding rapidly through his veins, imparted a hue to his cheeks which seemed to promise health, and long life. Alas! that such an eye should become dim; that upon such a brow the cold seal of Death should be impressed! He fell an early victim; and fully ripe for a better world: he went up to join the band of kindred sprite, 'ere twice ten sum mer suns had shone upon him. Th idol of a thousand hearts perished-but not too soon. The great end of life was answerd-wherefore should we longer remain? I could not mourn such a teath, and now when the recollection of his youthful form impresses itself upon my mind; when I call to remembrance his gentle virtues, his enlarged al worth, his unobtrusive piety, the thought is very pleasant, that he has eached a goal of honor, of glory and im mortality, infinitely outpes ing the high ast, warmest expectation of human ain nition.

Again I saw the infant on his moth. ers's lap. Its flaxen hair fell in rich slusters on a neck which vied with Paian marble in whiteness. Its mild blue ve was full of intell gence. Tha nother was a widow, and this her only sarthly tie. Most anxiously did she watch the expanding blossom; most arefully did she shield it from the wind's outkindly blast.' Its nightly anctuaty; its hall wed pillar was ther's bosom. What could harm i here? Can foe invade such a sanctu ary? Can any possoned arrow reach such a mark, with such a shield about 112 Death did invade that sanctuary and the leaf witherd and the flower thereof faded away. She gave it back to God, in the sound hope of meeting it again, in the world of light and glory. Sustained by the all sufficient grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the precious promise of his holy word, that mother meekly bows her head to the providence of the Almighty. She forgot not the dear departed sares. Then names are upon her lips; their images enshrined in her heart, as when they lived in her presence in beauty and

and strength.
Precious-thrice precious are the influences of that religion which divests death of its sting-the grave of i's victory. Precious, infinitely precious as it unfolds a rich and unfading inheri-Mingo, the ostler, attracted by the tance of Lafe Eternal, to pilgrims in

Henceforth it shall be my busines to it appears, I will endeavor to hail it as

Daughter of Earth Awake! illume The dead unknown, the chaos of the tomb! Melt, and dispel, ye sceptre doubts, that roll Commercian darkness on the parting soul! The strife is o'er-the pangs of nature close, And life's last rapture tramples o'er ber woes!

FEMALE PIETY. The gem of all others which encir- tions conduce to Bo take notice cles the coronet of a lady's character, is means to the still it see unaffebted piety. Nature may lavish more than the discous associ much on her person - the enchan ment als and nations of the countenance, the gracefulness will, kind 'The Sub Treasury!' yelled Tommy, ofher mien, or the strength of her in- con-

threldom of earth, and wreathed with a lie weal.'-Curtis on Health. garland of glory.

to the melody of heaven.

With such a treasure, every lofty tool of a party." gratification on earth may be purchased: riendship will be doubly sweet; and the THE WAY TO BE HAPPY. - Cut your character will be but a visit to earth, and coat according to your cloth is an old maxim death the entrance upon a joyful and and a wise one and if people will only equare perpetual home'

Such is piety. Like a tender flower. heart, it grows, expanding its foliage, cordance with our waning fortunes, happiness and imparting its fragrance to all as round, till transplanted, it is set to bloom we have or what we have not, what adds to or m the paradise of God - Danville Star,

A BEAUTIFUL SUPERSCRIPTION. - I'he Aborigines of Hayti believed the soul to be immortal, and that after death it resided in caves and hollows in the mountains and woods. The echoing voices heard from those places, they supposed to proceed from the departed spirits wandering thro' them. In point of poetic beauty, this supposition was not in ferior to one of those held by the ancients, who on the death of a youth, said that he had been carried away, by Aurora the goddess of the worn.

NIGHT -- "Why is it," said Hermione, that by night not only is out memory aroused, but slsp our courage? "Hermione," answered I, "at night the world to come draws nesser to the solitary breast, and nofolds itself before us; as the beauties of our earth is veiled in darkness; but the jewels of the mind still radiate; we are like that wondrous flower which blooms by night in the old world, because it is then day in the new world, which is its hour-

Scipio Nascia, going to call on Enservant that he was not at bome. He

Love of Music. - We were surrounless a tention. He ceased playing; the sheep did not stir. The shepherd with his staff obliged those nearest him to move on. They obeyed, but no sooner cent he he going to fetch some did the flu'er begin to play again than his innocent auditors returned to his The sheperd, out of patience, pell them with clods of earth, but not them would move. The flie with additional skill; the shepers VARIS fleecy amateurs with stones. were hit by them began to man encountry others still refused to sur. At last's sheperd was obliged to entreat out thing pheus to cease his magical sound think sheep then moved off; but contain shiche to stop at a distance as often a distance from the summer of the instrument in the stop of the stop of

public happiness, state possibly pay the full ed a often forget that the by settling part. Int. As tions conduct to Sources of Social Harman orge

friend resumed his instrument.

Gosh smighty! de Schrab Treasury! Itellect, yet her loveliness is uncrowned itien of private happiness than the justest bal wings of fancy and hope, to the habi- vouring to soften and improve the social affectation of God, where it will be her de- tions, do incomparably more to promote the benlight to hold communion with the spir- efit of communities than those who have only in its that have been ransomed from the view what is more strictly designated the pub-

Her beauty may throw its magical Eastern paper gives a number of clever satiri-

fade away, and every memento of earth ly greatness is lost in the general wreck quite into the justice or expediency of any memorial of the mighty throng, which had ther words a pledged man—if shows he is posbeen clothed with the mentle of righte- sessed of a meek and spaniel like disposition, ousness, and whose voices are attuned and instead of spiring to become ruler of a people, his ambition is fully satisfied with being the

their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be ! If we would planted in the fertile soil of woman's come down a peg or two in our notions, in acwould always be withis our reach. It is not what in perpetual vigor, and unfading beauty, substracts from our feficity. It is the longing far more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroys our peace of mind and eventually leads to ruin.

> THE GRETAEST MAN. - The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and from ps; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God is most unfaultering '-Dr. Channing.

CONSCIENCE -- When a man's conscience begins to get hard, it does it faster than any thing in nature, it is. I may say, Ike the boiling of an egg, it is very clear at first, but as soon as it gets cloudy, one minute more and you may cut it with a knife.

URCULAR.

To the Members of the Democratic party in the State of Ohio.

Fellow Laborers:

The great and glorious victory we have just achieved must not be suffered to full us into list lessness and inactivity. We have much to re-joice over in the past, but we have more to pro-vide for in the future. The late elections have nius the poet, was told by the maid- given us strong and convincing proof of the fact that Ohio is a DEMOCRATIC STATE. The servant that he was not at home. He high position which this grant of the west now saw, however, from the girl's manner, holds among her Republican sisters must be a the Ennius was at home, but had ordeted her to deny him. A few days
after, Ennius came to call on Scipio,
who hearing his voice at the door called out to him from within that he was led out to him from within that he was portions of the Union—when sunshine politinot at home. 'How can that be?' said class shrunk from the perils of the storm,— Ennius, "When I hear you speaking."
'You must be a most unreasonable man' replied Scipio, "when I called on you I took your servant's ward, and will you refuse to take not my servant's, but my of her favorite son,—the freemen of Ohio came up to the rescue; rolled back the ball of revolution, and asserted the triumph of Democracy. The embusiasms—the devotion to principle ber sons, has lit up the blaze of victory to bersons, has lit up the blaze of victory the vere leaving their fold to go to their pasture; one of our party took his flute ont of his pocket, and saying, 'I am gong to turn Corydon, let us see whether ng to turn Corydon, let us see whether the sheep will recognise their pastor," began to play. The sheep and goats, which were following each other toward the mountain with their heads hanging own, raised them at the first sounds of the flute; and all, with a general and arsty movement, turned to the side from whence the agreeable noise proceeded. Gradually they flocked around the musicism, and listened with motton-less a tention. He ceased playing; the tion. selectrans to ask for some fit.
The autoraly you have nothing to

b. AR to to are little girl stooped do Loos put live embers on them wi

MOTHER WIT.-'W and, or have you seen